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Charles B. Dawson  
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90255

Wednesday,  
May 24, 1972.

Dear Ag:

It is good to know that you are still in there pitching and feeling oak. Your fine communique awaited me this noon when I dropped in after a brief absence to check the mail and conditions in general in this isolated little stall. I cling to the joint because it has served me well 11 years, and the folks here are almost like kinfolk.

I've been up in Southgate at the home of my boy's pal, Dr. Irving. They are away on a motortrip back to his birthplace, Oklahoma. This is the third instance in which I have "guarded" their elaborate home while they have motored. Wonderful folks. This time they have Mrs. Irving's mother who flew over from Scotland to be with them. They will be back before June 1 and I shall have done a Boy Scout act helping friends.

If I recall correctly, it was through Herb Krauch, retired managing editor of the Herald-Express that I met Ted Aust. I had no idea he was 79. Somehow I missed word of his passing. I've known the Hearst circulation people for 50 or more years. Was not well acquainted with Ted.

So many old friends have passed on. Lately, Abe Roth, the prize-fight referee; Orlando Northcutt - one of my assistant city editors at the old Express. Abe (Sam Henry and Lester-Superior court judge) --all ran the old cigarstand at 1st and Broadway. Abe was at the old Air Corps ground school, Berkeley --U of Calif -- in 1917 when I was there. Abe washed out and went to the Marines where he was commissioned as a captain. Grand guy. He sold many smokes to our old friend Maurie (Morris) Levine, and to just about everyone in public life in the teens, 20s, 30s, and 40s.

Sorry to hear the eyes are bothering. That is a signal, believe me. About three weeks ago I finished typing a "book." It has to do with slang. I've worked on it a long time and finally got it out of the way. In so-doing I strained my eyes to the point I'll have to lay off so much machine work for a while.

That 10-hour-a-day stint is too stiff for you. I sure can testify about the miseries that one encounters on that fabulous "Sunset Trail of Life" through which octogenarians pass. I am sure I had a very light stroke after Christmas. My right shoulder, arm and hand have been a bit bothersome, and Doc said not to think about it as we all experience the light ones. I wonder.

Three weeks ago my sister Isabelle, now approaching 91, suffered a light stroke and it affected the right arm and hand. I was down to see her last week and she is still struggling through as if nothing happened. What courage and spirit! But she wisely recognizes it was a forerunner (as her doctor warned) of more serious complication.

She asked me what I heard from Mr. Wahlberg and I told her we'd have word when his crowded schedule permitted a communique.

May 13 I again ventured down to Los Angeles on the bus. Spent some time at the central library, then walked to 1st and Broadway to look around. All I can say is -- it is another



world and time. Hardly anything remains of what I saw in 1915 when first I went to the old City Police Headquarters, 1st street, to work for the old Tribune. I've seen so much rise and fall there. Now it is like Pat Shepard (ex-star of Times) and I observed it, with Casey Shawhan (ex-Herald star), last October when we met to look over the old stamping ground. In fact, it has changed so the sight of the new vista induces nausea for some damned reason. So I retreated to the boondocks where I do not have to be so "city-broken."

*Geneva* Easter Day (April 2?) my one remaining favorite cousin back in New York dropped dead while going to church in the morning. She was 76. Now my sister and I are the sole survivors of the once-numerous clan. An event like that is a blow to an old buzzard, no matter how hardened to life's vicissitudes one gets in newspaper work.

Do you know--those George gals are remiss in writing to old Chuck? Haven't had word from them since about the time last we met and took that ride down to Long Beach. I suppose they are busy. Our contact with the family has been constant since 1906, and I expect their ranks are thinning from time to time. I shall get off a note to Edo in Freeville; also to Al Baker's widow, Elizabeth. Al was Daddy George's cousin. Elizabeth still lives on the old George farm up in the hills.

My granddaughter Ann, 22 next June 2, graduated from Long Beach State University; her major was English, and she was honored with MAGNA CUM LAUDE, which, in the eyes of old gramps, is quite something. At present she is working with the educators down there on a new and promising system of procedure to teach the little monsters reading in a more effective way. She plans to work next school year with these people; then return to the university for post graduate studies and higher degrees. I want her to achieve a doctorate if possible.

Would love to see you again one of these days, Ag. But the important thing for you to do is cut down that heavy schedule and be able to retire in good health; then not risk what so many of us old codgers face -- what do they say -- senile debility? When you feel equal to it we'll get together for a hello.

I've given my son Bob the rights, title and interests to the book, and will help him dispose of it. (Under the name Joe bush, or something.) He can use the moolah if it sells. Uncle is taking excellent care of the old man, and I am thankful for that, believe me. Twice I could have retired -- rich. But I zigged when I should have zagged--which I do not regret. It was fun - even losing.

Thanks for your letter, paisano. I hope the good Lord watches over you, takes good care of you, and carries you safely through these arduous times.

I'm sure my sister would join in extending you best wishes.

best regards,

*"Chuck"*

# **Ted Aust, Hearst Executive, Dies at 79**

Funeral services are pending for Harold "Ted" Aust, 79, of Monte Mar Terrace, Cheviot Hills, career executive of Hearst publications and long-time circulation manager of The Herald-Examiner.

Aust, who retired in 1966, died at his home yesterday from a respiratory illness. He is survived by his wife, Minniece, a daughter, Mrs. Robert (Jan) Schminke of Newport Beach, and a son, H.T. Aust Jr. of Santa Rosa. He leaves five grandchildren and one great grandchild.

A graduate of Washington State University, Aust began his career with the Seattle Post-Intelligencer in 1913. He served in the National Guard during World War I.

After a period as owner and publisher of newspapers in Southern California, Aust became circulation director of The Herald-Express in 1940. Subsequently, when The Herald-Express and Examiner were combined in 1962, he became circulation manager of the new publication.



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